MARVEL

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RED GOBLIN

PAKNADEL
BAZALDUA
CURIEL

NORMIE OSBORN is the son of Harry Osborn and Liz Allan and the grandson of Norman Osborn, A.K.A. the Green Goblin--the former archnemesis of SPIDER-MAN. The Osborn family's entanglement with the wall-crawler recently cost Harry his life and Normie his father.

Normie's involvement in super-powered intrigue has grown even more complicated after Dylan Brock, A.K.A. VENOM, granted him a fledgling symbiote of his own named RASCAL. While Normie is wary of the dangers of bonding with a symbiote, he and Rascal have gotten progressively closer the more Normie uses Rascal's abilities to engage in super-heroics--like saving Normie's grandfather from the GOBLIN NATION.

But the Goblin Nation's power is rising again thanks to their new and zombified GOBLIN KING--PHIL URICH--whose corpse was resurrected by the regenerative properties of the Goblin Formula. How can Normie hope to counter the Goblin King when he can barely keep the symbiote's aggressive and violent tendencies at bay?!

RED GOBLIN

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"HARD TO BELIEVE THIS ALL STARTED IN A *SEWER.*

"HARDER STILL TO BELIEVE IT WAS ALL NORMAN OSBORN'S *SIDE HUSTLE.*

"BUT YOU GUYS KNOW WHAT GOBLINS IN THE *OLD* STORIES REPRESENT, RIGHT?

"THEY'RE TRICKSTERS-- *BOUNDARY CROSSERS.* THEY BAIT THE POWERFUL INTO THE PIGSTY. THEY REVEAL THINGS AS THEY *TRULY ARE.*

"AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT WE DO HERE IN THE *GOBLIN NATION,* ISN'T IT?

"WE DRAG ALL THE LIARS AND HYPOCRITES DOWN INTO THE GUTTER WITH US--EXPOSE THEM FOR THE WHOLE WORLD TO SEE.

CHUMP'S SHIELD'S MADE OF *PLASTIC!*

"AND IF WE HAPPEN TO MAKE A LITTLE SCRATCH ON THE SIDE? WELL...

LOWER EAST SIDE.

"...WE'RE ONLY *HUMAN.*"

CAN-DRA! CAN-DRA! CAN-DRA!

CAN-DRA! CAN-DRA! CAN-DRA!

YEAH, *NAH.* THIS SCORE DOESN'T BELONG TO ME ALONE AND YOU ALL KNOW IT.

RIGHT NOW, WE GOT A NEW ***CRIB...***

WE GOT A ***LOTTA CASH...***

AND WE GOT THAT GOOD GOBLIN JUICE COURSING THROUGH OUR VEINS, BABY!

BUT A FEW MONTHS AGO, WE DIDN'T HAVE #$%&.

THAT'S RIGHT. WE OWE IT ALL TO THE ***REAL ONE*** WHO CAME BACK FOR US.

A MAN WHO CRAWLED OUT OF HIS OWN GRAVE TO MAKE SURE WE GOT ***OURS...***

GIVE IT UP FOR YOUR ***GOBLIN KING!***

GET OUT HERE AND DRINK WITH US, BOSS!

AH, HE'S JUST SHY.

CAN-DRA! CAN-DRA! CAN-DRA!

ALL RIGHT! YOU GUYS HAVE FUN, AND TOMORROW, WE'LL START PLANNING THE ***NEXT*** SCORE!

YOU OKAY, BOSS?

MY JAW. THERE'S A SEWING KIT ON THE DESK.

IT'S...NOT STOPPING, CANDRA. THE GOBLIN FORMULA DIDN'T ARREST THE DECAY.

I HEAR THE YOUNGER GOBLINS WHISPERING BEHIND THE CURTAIN. MY AUTHORITY'S CRUMBLING FASTER THAN MY LYMPH NODES.

TT! DON'T TALK CRAZY.

IT'S NOT MY NAME THEY'RE CHANTING, CANDRA-- ITS ***YOURS.***

THEY LOVE THESE NICKEL-AND-DIME HEISTS OF YOURS, BUT YOU NEED TO ***UP THE ANTE.***

I WANT YOU TO BRING SOMEONE TO ME. A BOY. ***TIMOTHY ANDERS.***

HIS PARENTS ARE ***BILLIONAIRES.*** THEY'LL PAY HANDSOMELY FOR HIS RETURN.

HA! WE IN THE ***RANSOM*** BUSINESS NOW?

THE GOBLIN NATION IS BIGGER THAN EITHER OF US, BUT WE BOTH KNOW IT NEEDS ***STRONG LEADERSHIP.***

A MOVE LIKE THIS WILL CEMENT YOUR PLACE IN THE LINE OF SUCCESSION AFTER I'M...

BOSS...

SHH! I HAVE A GIFT FOR YOU.

...

YOU'RE SERIOUS.

BRING A CREW. HANDPICKED. ONLY YOUR MOST TRUSTED, LOYAL GUYS.

YOU'LL BE GOBLIN KING SOON ENOUGH, BUT RIGHT NOW, WHAT I NEED--WHAT THIS *FAMILY* NEEDS...

...IS A

GOBLIN KNIGHT.

IT'S FORTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO IN WHAT TODAY WE CALL SIBERIA. A WOLF--BOLD, HUNGRY, MAYBE BOTH--IS LURED TO A HUNTER'S FIRESIDE BY THE SMELL OF COOKING MEAT.

THE HUNTER SEES EYES GLITTERING IN THE DARK, AND FOR REASONS EVEN SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND, SHE LEAVES HER SPEAR SLEEPING IN HER LAP.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK CITY.

SHE BREAKS OFF A HUNK OF STEAMING MEAT...SETS IT ON THE GROUND. AND OUR BRAVE WOLF GINGERLY STEPS FORWARD INTO HISTORY.

I SEE YOU, ESCHBACH! PAY ATTENTION.

THIS WOLF'S DESCENDANTS WILL GO ON TO BECOME AN INDISPENSABLE HUNTING TECHNOLOGY FOR NEOLITHIC HUMANS--A MEANS OF AUGMENTING OUR SPEED, OUR SENSES AND OUR STRENGTH.

DOGS WILL BECOME OUR ***SUPER-POWER.***

STANLEY OSBORN, RIGHT? THIRD GRADE?

HI, MR. BERGEN. THIS IS THE BEST SCHOOL TRIP EVER!

TERRIFIC... *UH*, CAN I ASK YOU A QUESTION?

"HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR BROTHER ANYWHERE?"

RASCAL?

COME ON, DON'T PRETEND YOU'RE NOT HIDING OUT HERE IN MY MEMORIES.

KILL THE SPIDER... BREAK HIS BACK... KILL THE SPIDER... BREAK HIS BACK...

I KNOW THINGS HAVE BEEN WEIRD BETWEEN US EVER SINCE WE HAD TO POKE AROUND INSIDE THAT CREEP CLETUS KASADY'S HEAD, BUT WE GOTTA *TALK*.

LAST ISSUE. --ED

THERE YOU ARE. YOU DON'T NEED TO HIDE FROM ME, BUDDY.

HIIDDE. YESSS. HHHIDE FROM SAAAD NNORRRMIEE.

SAAAD NNORRRMIEE ONLY MAKE AAANGRY CHEMICALSSS.

AAANGRY CHEMICALSS MAAAKE RRRAAAASCAL *HUUURRT* PEOPLE.

"OSBORN?"

TOXOPLASMA GONDII MAKES ITS WAY TO CATS, ITS DEFINITIVE HOST, BY FIRST INFECTING AND THEN ALTERING THE BEHAVIOR OF MICE--ITS INTERMEDIATE HOST.

HEY, OSBORN!

WHU--?

BY DIALING UP ITS INTERMEDIATE HOSTS' DOPAMINE METABOLISM, THIS CLEVER PARASITE DIMINISHES THEIR FEAR RESPONSE, LEAVING THEM MORE VULNERABLE TO PREDATION.

DUDE, YOU KNOW YOU'RE SPACING OUT IN LITERALLY THE MOST BORING EXHIBIT IN THIS PLACE, RIGHT?

SORRY, TIM, I...I DIDN'T SLEEP TOO WELL.

TELL HIM.

YEAH, YOU LOOK LIKE CRAP, I AIN'T GONNA LIE.

YOU WANNA GET OUTTA HERE AND GRAB AN EGG CREAM OR SOMETHIN'?

UH...

TELL HIM YOU'VE FELT LIKE A POWDER KEG EVER SINCE YOU LET CLETUS KASADY IN YOUR HEAD.

TELL HIM IT *OPENED A DOOR*, AND NOW EVEN YOUR OWN SYMBIOTE'S AFRAID OF YOU.

AIEEEEE!

WHAT THE $%#% WAS THAT?

SO, THIS IS THE EDUCATION SIXTY LARGE BUYS YOU THESE DAYS, *HUH?* A TRIP TO A PUBLIC MUSEUM?

NNNGGG! PLEASE, PLEASE... NO MORE.

SEE, FORMAL EDUCATION NEVER DID MUCH FOR ME. I'M A HUGE BELIEVER IN ***LEARNING AS YOU GO.***

WHEN I WAS A PUP, I LEARNED THAT MOST PEOPLE WILL TELL YOU JUST ABOUT ANYTHING YOU WANNA KNOW IF YOU ***BREAK THEIR FINGERS.***

SO...

ONCE AGAIN... WHERE IS *TIM ANDERS?*

I...I D-DON'T KN... *NUH...*

GOBLIN NATION AGAIN? WHAT COULD THEY POSSIBLY WANT WITH TIM?

SNAP!

AAAAARRGH!

W-WAS THAT *MY* NAME?

NORMIE?

DUDE... *SERIOUSLY?*

I KNOW YOU WANT ME TO STOP BEING SAD, BUT I'M GONNA BE SUPER SAD IF MY FRIEND GETS ABDUCTED, OKAY?

TIM NEEDS OUR HELP. EVERYONE OUT THERE DOES.

NO.

STOPPP, NORRMIIEE! HURTSS!

I'M SORRY, BUD, BUT *THIS IS HAPPENING* WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT.

JUST LET ME DRIVE AND IT'LL ALL WORK OUT, I PROMISE.

OKAY, HOW ABOUT THIS? GIVE ME TIM ANDERS IN THE NEXT FIVE SECONDS, OR I'M GONNA COOK MISTER THING HERE'S BRAIN IN ITS OWN JUICES.

FIVE, FOUR, THREE...

KZZHHT!

N-NO! PLEASE!

...TWO...

I'M HERE! I'M TIM.

YOU CAN LET EVERYONE GO NOW.

STAY--*NN!*-- RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, TIM...

...IT'S UNDER CONTROL.

YOU! HOW CAN YOU BE HERE?!

I RECOGNIZE THE TWO GOBLIN NATION LOSERS, BUT THIS PLAYER'S ***NEW.***

SOME KIND OF UPGRADED ***GOBLIN KNIGHT,*** BUT SOMEHOW I DOUBT URICH'S GIVEN UP THE CROWN.

WHAT'RE YOU DOING, FISHER?

LET ME GO, CANDRA!

THAT THING BROKE MY ARM SO BAD I HADDA PUSH MY OWN BONE BACK IN!

=SIGH= JUST...GET THE KID, ALL RIGHT? MEET US AT THE RENDEZVOUS.

H-HEY, MISTER...

RRRR...

STANLEY! I CAN'T CUT LOOSE WITH MY LITTLE BROTHER HERE.

I CAN'T LET HIM SEE WHAT I'VE BECOME.

GO HOME, STANLEY!

TH-THIS WAY, CHILDREN!

I KNOW THIS IS NEW YORK, BUT *PLEASE* DON'T LEAVE ME BEHIND IF I PASS OUT.

ALL OF YOU! GO!

HEY, WHAT ARE YOU...? LET ME GO!

NO! THEY GOT TIM!

WE WEREN'T READY FOR YOU LAST TIME. GOBLIN SERUM TAKES SOME GETTING USED TO.

BUT WE'RE READY NOW, *HEH HEH!*

I FEEL DIFFERENT-- BARELY IN CONTROL.

MAYBE RASCAL WAS RIGHT. SYMBIOTES AREN'T GOOD OR EVIL--THEY JUST AMPLIFY WHATEVER YOU GIVE THEM.

REMEMBER THESE, FREAK? YOU DON'T LIKE FIRE, *HUH?!*

AND RIGHT NOW, ALL I'M GIVING HIM IS ***OSBORN.***

KRAKOOMM!!

ALL I'M GIVING HIM IS ***HATE.***

NNORRMIEEE LIKE TIMMM...

OH, DYLAN. DYLAN, HOW DID YOU THINK THIS WAS GOING TO GO?

THERE'S NO WORLD WHERE YOU GIVING ME A MAN-EATING *MOOD RING* HAS A HAPPY ENDING.

GIVE TIM BAACK!

THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, UGLY!

YOU LEFT A MONSTER IN CHARGE OF A MONSTER, DYLAN...AND NOW PEOPLE ARE GOING TO *DIE*.

UGGGH!

WHUK

BAAD GOBLIIN! RRRIP GOBLINN!

SHRRRIIPP!

HSSSS!

HOLD ON, CANDRA! I'VE GOT 'IM!

TOLD YOU WE WERE READY FOR YOU! DIDN'T I TELL YOU?!

RRRAAAGHH!

BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? I CAN'T FIGHT IT ANYMORE.

I DON'T WANT TO.

SPLATCH!

OFF MEEE!

UGGH!

I WAS BORN INTO THIS MADNESS--AN ENDLESS HALLOWEEN WITH REAL RAZORS IN THE CANDY BOWL.

WAS A FRIEND TOO MUCH TO ASK FOR?

GIIIVE TIMMM BAAAACK...

KK! CAN'T DO THAT.

BUT I GOT SOME... TRICKS OF MY OWN...

ENJOY THE RIDE!

FWOOOMMM!

KRAK

88

MM!

BOOM

AWW MAN, NOT THE T. REX! THIS THING WAS AWESOME!

AWW!

STAY BACK! TO HELL WITH IT--I'LL TELL YOU WHERE YOUR FR--

RRRAAAGGHH!

NO ONE'S IN CHARGE NOW, I CAN FEEL IT. NOT ME, NOT RASCAL.

WE'RE ON A RUNAWAY TRAIN OF DARK THOUGHTS AND BRAIN CHEMISTRY, AND IT FEELS SO *GOOD* I WANT TO CRY.

WE WANT TO EAT YOUR BRAIINNSS!

GRAHH!

RRRIP!

BUT I'VE SEEN THAT LOOK ON POP-POP'S FACE THE MORNING AFTER--WHEN HE THOUGHT HE WAS ALL ALONE WITH HIS DEMONS--THE *LONELINESS.*

RUN. PLEASE.

SO I HOLD ON FOR ANOTHER FEW SECONDS.

SKRRREEEE!

GO! I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I CAN H-H...

YOU NEED SERIOUS *HELP,* KID!

NOOOO! NNNORRMIIBE NEEEED TIIMM!

GET YOUUUU! KILL YOUUUU!

KRZ

AH. SOMEBODY CALLED THE COPS.

IT'S NEW YORK. *OF COURSE* SOMEBODY CALLED THE COPS.

WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED! WALK TOWARD US CALMLY WITH YOUR HANDS UP, OR WE *WILL* OPEN FIRE!

POLICE

POLICE

CALMLY WITH OUR HANDS UP, *HUH?*

YEAH, LIKE *THAT'S* GONNA HAPPEN...

I NEED THE BATHROOM.

YOU'RE IN A *SEWER*, KID. HAVE AT IT.

IT--*NN!*-- DON'T MAKE NO SENSE.

THAT THING WAS ON US LIKE WET ON WATER IN LIKE THIRTY SECONDS.

IT MUSTA BEEN *WAITING* FOR US, YO.

QUIT BEIN' *PARANOID*, MAN.

YOU CAN'T WALK THREE BLOCKS IN THIS CITY WITHOUT TRIPPIN' OVER SOMEONE WHO GOT BIT BY A RADIOACTIVE HAMMER OR WHATEVER.

WAIT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING, CANDRA?

I'M CALLING HIM.

DON'T! HE'LL--*NN!*-- HE'LL THINK WE BLEW IT.

WE *DID* BLOW IT, DASH.

VRRRNNNGGG

WE AGREED NO COMMS.

IT WENT BAD, BOSS. DASH IS IN BAD SHAPE.

YOUR MONSTER WAS THERE. I THINK... I THINK HE'S A KID.

...

WHERE'S THE ANDERS BOY?

HE'S WITH US.

I...DON'T UNDERSTAND.

WHERE ARE YOU NOW?

WHERE YOU THINK?

WE'LL WAIT TILL IT GETS DARK AND HEAD BACK.

NO!

NO, SIT TIGHT. WE'LL COME TO YOU.

...

'KAY. THANKS, BOSS.

MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THEY TURNED ON EACH OTHER. YOU KNOW... *SLOPPY.*

I'LL TRY. NO PROMISES.

BUT I STILL NEED TO KNOW ONE THING...

...WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO WITH *THE KID?*

YOU KNOW WHAT I'M THINKING, *CROSSBONES?*

I'M THINKING IT DOESN'T GET MUCH SLOPPIER THAN A DEAD HOSTAGE.

TO BE CONTINUED!

RED GOBLIN

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